

BY THE SEA.

At more beside the ocean's foamy roar
I walked, soft shadowed through the luminous
shore.
And so not clearly nearer land, nor wist
Where the tide stood, nor where began the
shore.
A gentle seaward wind came down, and bore
The scent of roses and of bayberry;
And through the great gray veil that hid the
sea
Broke the pale sun—a silvery warmth—not
more.

So through the fog that cover all this life
I walk as in a dream 'twixt sea and land—
The meadows of wise thought, the sea
of strife—
And sounds and happy scents from either
hand
Come with vast gleams that spread and softly
shine
The joy of life, the energy divine.

—Archibald Lampman in *Youth's Companion*.

SINGING RIVER.

It was late in the sixties.

After a perilous, tedious and fruitless journey to the upper Kootenay, we had decided to return eastward over the trail already known to us rather than try to reach the Pacific over an entirely unknown route, beset with extraordinary danger and hitherto almost untraveled.

Our party was fairly well organized, considering the fact that we were merely on a prospecting trip, led out by many stories of fabulous strikes and rich diggings.

We were as sorely disappointed a lot as ever started on a back trail. Not even a decent color did we find on the weary way. Seated about the campfire that evening, Bill Tupper, our guide, finally broke the silence, which had lasted for over half an hour, as every man felt too keenly the disappointment of returning empty handed.

"See here, boys," said Bill, "here ye sit moping and moping, night after night, over matters as can't be helped. It's hundreds of miles back yonder to the diggings in Alder gulch, which is as far as we kin git this season, barrin' no mishap. That ain't no use stayin' here, and if we don't be movin' soon, we'll ketch us in the hills before we kin get across."

The force of the argument struck home. It aroused us all from the usual after supper lethargy which we were accustomed to drop into. To be caught on the main range of the Rockies in midwinter was a prospect so horrible and uninviting that we determined to lose no time in getting started for home. We concluded to devote one day to hunting and supplying the party with fresh meat, to prepare a lot for the trip, and then be off. Game was plentiful in that uncanny region and we found no trouble in getting all that we wanted. On the following day we started early, and after a wearisome march reached the summit of the continental divide safely.

Early fall had set in when we began the ascent. We had taken the lower route, the one used by Lewis and Clarke in their expedition to the Columbia, and now known as Mullan pass. This would bring us to the neighborhood of Last Chance, which was in its primey infamy when we left the far off settlements.

Our stock of breadstuffs was running low, and it was necessary to reach some camp as early as possible.

The scenes we passed through for beauty and sublimity beggared all description. Occasionally a scared bird would rise hastily into space as our column came winding down the trail, which was so narrow as to compel us to ride Indian fashion—one behind the other—with the pack animals in groups between us, thus making conversation during the progress of the journey impossible.

It is doubtful if any of the others paid heed to the attractions of the country. Silently the cavalcade wended its way down the steep trail. The whole looked so uninviting and dangerous that involuntarily each man looked to his firearms and all drew as close together as possible while we rode on, and many a pipe was stowed away in the pocket of its owner. It stood us in hand to be careful, as the Indian did not look with great favor upon the intruders the white men were making upon his hitherto undisputed domain. Many a venturesome prospector had left the settlements before us and had never returned, leaving his bones to bleach in the sun and rain, until found later, if ever, by others following in his footsteps. Danger lurked even in the closest proximity of the settlements, and the unwary could never tell when the blow might fall. Eternal vigilance was the price of life.

The sun was setting. It became evident that we could not reach Last Chance before dark, although we could see the smoke of the camp, as we were on much higher ground. We were now leisurely following the course of a small stream unknown to us. Arriving at a small tableland, we decided to pitch camp there for the night, for we were tired and hungry. Camp was soon ready and preparations for a hearty supper were quickly under way. No accident had befallen us thus far, and while consuming the meal with ravenous appetite the boys soon found their old time humor, and many a good story was dished up for dessert. After supper the animals were picketed in a clump of bushes near by. The evening was perfect.

The boys were idling about the tents. A few were playing cards; others were stretched out in the luxuriant grass, busy with sky gazing, perhaps thinking of home and friends a good many miles away.

Bill Tupper had wandered away towards the stream, and we could see him in the twilight, seated on a huge boulder, near the water's edge, listening intently to something. Then he walked up the stream, and returning walked down the stream. At times he halted, and once he stooped and placed his ear to the ground. Suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs was plainly audible, and while Bill was running back to camp, revolver in hand, a stranger came dashing up, looking more dead than alive.

Behind him and clinging to him was a woman. The horse looked jaded, and both riders were nearly worn out.

We asked them to sit down and rest, but the man answered at once: "Captain there is no time to lose. Rather get your shooting irons ready and look to your animals. You see, we were camped down the creek a distance of about five miles. We could see the smoke of your campfires all the evening. We were right in thinking this a white man's camp, as the Indians hardly ever use green wood. There were only three of us—my partner, his wife and myself. About two hours ago we stopped to get supper and get the camp ready for the night. While we were eating there came the crash of rifles. My partner fell over dead. A bullet struck my arm, but the woman escaped.

"We didn't stop long, but I put her on a horse, jumped up myself and made a dash for your camp. The pests were on the other side of the stream, which gave us some advantage. But look out, for it won't be long before they will be upon us. They don't know yet that you are here, and will try to capture us. Let's give them a warm reception when they come. If you have an extra gun let me have it, for I want to get even with them for the killing of my partner."

Here was news indeed. Having come so far unmolested we did not anticipate any trouble from Indians so close to the settlement.

However, we got ready for them. The animals were brought in closer. Each man looked to his guns and ammunition, and a double line was formed for action.

It was indeed not long before the red devils appeared on the opposite side of the stream. They were not a little surprised to see a considerable body of armed men ready to fight, and naturally hesitated to make an attack.

Darkness was now setting in fast, and care had to be exercised to prevent them from crossing the stream and making a night attack. But we counted on the early rising of the moon, now in its full, and decided to fight it out by moonlight, if any fighting was to be done that night. A few wild shots were exchanged without doing any damage on either side. We had extinguished our campfires, thus taking away any advantage the Indians might gain by their light. We noticed the redskins moving a little further up stream, as if trying to find a more suitable place from which to attack us or to cross the stream. Bill Tupper laughed and said, "Watch out for some fun now, boys."

We failed to see any fun before us, being unable to determine the number of our opponents. They might be too many for us, and possible extermination is decided anything but funny. But suddenly the Indians gave one unearthly yell; and by the light of the rising moon we could see them dash away over the rolling prairie to the east.

Bill laughed again.

"I reckon as what these pesky devils won't trouble us any more jess now," was all that he said.

Curiosity prompted everybody to find out the cause of their nasty night and of Bill's positiveness. He bade us come with him and listen quietly and carefully. When near the stream a peculiar sound could be heard from several directions resembling the ringing of a thousand bells at once. At times the tones would become weaker and gradually die away with a peculiar noise resembling a deep drawn moan. Then they would increase again in strength, becoming more resonant and distinct.

Mystified, we looked about us for an explanation of this strange phenomenon, but failed to find one. Bill finally explained that the sounds were produced by the waters of the stream running over the peculiar rocks in its bed. There was an old Indian legend of a "singing river" that predicted death for all who camped on its banks. There had been quite a massacre among warring tribes in that vicinity, so goes tradition, which made the "singing river" dreaded by all the red tribes thereafter. But it had saved our lives, and we lost no time in reaching the settlement after the sun had risen over the hilltops.—Louis De Lestry in *Romance*.

Many Millions of Pins.

Before the introduction of machinery pins were made by manual labor in such a way as to require their passage through the hands of fourteen different persons before completion. By machinery in use at the present time it is estimated that 160 pins are turned out per minute. In England 50,000,000 pins are made daily, of which 37,000,000 are made in Birmingham alone. Connecticut is the principal center of the industry in the United States.

What becomes of the enormous number of pins manufactured every year is an interesting problem which is often asked, but never satisfactorily answered. It is safe to say, however, that there are more of these little necessities lost in a year than any other article made.—H. T. Hopkins in *Washington Post*.

An Estimate of Matthew Arnold.

Matthew Arnold, the famous essayist, after his return to London from his first lecturing tour in the United States visited old Mrs. Procter, widow of the poet, "Barry Cornwall," and mother of Adelicia Procter. Mrs. Procter, who was then eighty years old, in giving Mr. Arnold a cup of tea, asked him:

"And what did they say about you in America?"

"Well," said the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes did not fit me."

"Well, now," said the old lady, "I think they were mistaken as to the clothes."—London Tit-Bits.

Uncle Sam's Treasure House.

The great United States treasury vaults at Washington cover more than a quarter of an acre of ground, and are twelve feet deep. On a recent date there was enough of silver and gold coin stored therein to load 175 or 200 freight cars to their utmost capacity.—St. Louis Republic.



Mrs. and Miss Kempton.

FOUR PHYSICIANS FAIL

But a Mother's Love Surmounts all Difficulties. Her Darling Child Cured of Bright's Disease by Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

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